UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1139.

Original Poetry.

FAR AWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HANS SCHMIDT

My bark has rocked on the restless sea,—
My steps have traveled the trembling floor,—
I have kissed the beach of the western breeze,
But a gentle voice seems ever near,—
"Thy mountain bird is far away."

For away!

O'er the gray hill-top, and the flowering crag,
O'er the meadow's dewy fragrant carpet,
I have lured from its lair the lordly stag,
But a whispering sigh my guard between,—
"Though thou art here thy heart's away."

Far away!

I have my bow to the balmy wind,
And laugh with the spotless nymphs of air,
While the fragrant dew to the flowers they bind,
And they sing around me everywhere,
"What tale bear we to thy love to-day.
Far away?"

If I wander out in the still moonlight,
And gaze on her frost-mocking beams,
As they flow in their silver radiance bright,
O'er the sleeping lake and parting streams,
They bear my thoughts o'er the hills away.
Far away.

The stars look down from their throne on high,
And watch o'er the world at night below,
They catch my half-breathed homing sigh,
And in fairy tones whisper low,
"Thy wish is echoed far away,"

Far away.

The old oak sighs in the forest deep,
The boughs of the towering pine-tree wave,
On the rocky shore the billows leap,
But ooh, and pine, and ocean cave
Repeat the tale of far away.

Far away.

Original Novelette.

JONCE SMILEY;
The Boy Who Had No Friends.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "TRIPPING APPEARANCES," "KITTY CLARK, OR THE CHRISTMAN GIFT," "THREE FOOLS IN A FAMILY."

CHAPTER FIRST.

IN WHICH DIVERS CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE HERO MEETS ON A SUNDAY WITH A MISFORTUNE.

"Well, I swan to man!" energetically exclaimed Deacon Abijah Underwood, "if there isn't Pelitah Perkins's brindle cow, creeping straight as cud, into all possessed! And there's that young sprge grace, Jonce Smiley, clinging to her back like a monkey in the canvas to the Nineland giantess! Why the boy's rascal will certainly be thrown and break his damn neck!"

"Never you fear," said the Deacon's wife—"that's not the way he neck will be broken—and he'll never be drowned neither, I'll bet this minit."

The subject of this pleasant prophecy shot by the deacon's house on his queer conveyance, to use his own expression, "like a streak of lightning," and much of all the uncharitable prediction which were shouted as he passed, by more than one kind well wisher. The fact was, that Jonce Smiley had not only by other language would have been to him a scrap of the unknown tongue. When Pelitah's cow reached the homestead, I presume, she was as much at a loss, named, Jonce, slipped off like a cat, and took to his heels with a warning instinct of the danger of Pelitah's switch—for he was afraid of it, as boys often are, and often without cause—because when any one had ever discovered, the origin of it was invariably connected in the boy's mind with something to *fear* cause, and often *without*

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Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, May 27, 1843.

☞ We would again call the attention of Postmasters to that law in the way of their settling our letters sent by them, done not, of itself, constitute a fraud. It is necessary that the name of the Postmaster, as the word "free" should appear—generally a mail arrives without bringing to our office letters on which this condition is complied with, of course, we are either compelled to do what the writers did not intend, viz: *pay the postage*, or pass the communications to remain in the Post Office.

☞ We have received a letter from Charlestown, Va., stating that a person by the name of Schoenfelder, has been collecting subscriptions for Graham's Magazine. He is a *swindler*, and no person will possess not to pay him for any publication issued from that office.

☞ WILLIAM ADAMS is still our agent to collect bills for the United States Saturday Post and Chronicle, and for Graham's Magazine in the City and County of Philadelphia.

☞ CHAS. G. REMER, Esq., is Agent for this paper in Pittsburg, Centre county, Pa., and vicinity.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all the outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit the amount, which, by the terms of subscription, we have been in the habit of deaning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $5, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," gratis.

For $10, we will send the United States Saturday Post and a copy of James' new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $15, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $50, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's Wreath.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's Wreath.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage. Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion among his friends, give names and money as they are received, and when a club of ten is complete send it on. That evil is the feeling of contempt into which both branches of the service are in danger of sinking.

Among the most active causes of this unfortunate state of things is one which does not appear to meet with sufficient notice or proper reprehension from the Navy Department, or from the public. We allude to the pert and flippant manner in which letters are addressed to officers of the Navy, by persons who seem to have no other employment for their leisure, than the vilification of their officers, and the abuse of the service, through letters published in the newspapers. For instance, somebody dates a letter on board the Vandalia, off Cape Henry, which is published in the New York Tribune. In that letter, occurs the following sentence:—We carry Commodore Dallas to relieve the crazy man, now in command of the squadron. Of course, if he is crazy, we may be crazy or not; but the manner of writing of him by a fellow officer, is a breach of etiquette not only of the service, but of that of society. The second is it is a very light office, throwing upon the shoulders of the kind which might be picked out of the newspaper correspondence of the last few years. Can we wonder, while such offences are perpetrated, at petty tyrants on the navy?

The writer then goes on to say what will be the probable employment of the Vandalia. In this paragraph case is it may do not appear that the government desires should be known, it would probably promise malign through more reliable sources than mobbing and coaching. You will dogs, sloops and cats, and intention-sanctified, metaphorically studied. Very towns are we indeed, else why are Mercumening and Bird Hill Hall Hotel, Mercumening, and Bird Hill, both the vehicular black Maria ambulatory, between Chestnut and Fifth, and Mercumening, call on Bird Hill, and by, may called the Recorder, Counsel, and other engrosses of the body politic, ten thousand pounds against and the Commonwealth, at minister, in cruel mercy to the piece abrasions, and fretted wounds of the great hive of crowding, pushing, growling city of Philadelphia, and the Recorder, and tenth showing—or teeth-concealing, but still inward, like a supernaturous compound, his-impregnated —(ok in in double sense!) bodings to bring forward or but seldom,—why, we say, if men are not moralized—why, in electricity, animal magnetism, public sense, consistency, and lightning and temperby to the vernacular describing—*why in thunder*, don't they bite? The question is abstract, literally concrete, diaphanous, extract—why don't they? Soon enough? and from remotest ages ancient, from the Athens to the Rome of Miller and Inquirer, echo, like Thetres, with hundred gates for babbling reply imprisoned, as Argus, cent-peeping, high-mounted sentinels, and to the last ear, and ten to that total sum annexed,—added, the school boys say, in precocious wisdom, "and nothing to carry." Philadelphia!

Booth the President-leader Botts Miner John? Booth the President John Tyler! Nay, but they have immortal hands, and the Lord to clasp the right *Immanuel*—and not in dog's politer language speaks the President-leader. Booth the ex-of-State-Secretary, Mr. Tyler, of a truth he believes—he is in all cracks, monumental Baltimore's chiefest not cronies-cares, but shall wanting delicacy that he took in—and here. In hardly conceive—in the Lower House were more than ones caught by the Sheriff, and brought up to London, sorely against their will, to be tried for treason, and to be hung, drawn and quartered. If he can't be hung, drawn and quartered, it will be something curious, anxious to get to Parliament as people generally are, to see the prescient received in Mr. O'Connell's case.

LATER FROM CANTON.

The ship Ann Mc-Kim arrived in New York on Monday evening, in 96 days from Canton, the quickest passage on record. She brings dates to the 15th of March, inclusive. The news by her was generally received, but they embrace no intelligence of importance. Commercial and other matters remained much in the same state as before. The Chinese Commissioners had not succeeded in arranging with the Chinese any reparation of the mischief done by the destruction of the opium, in June last.

Pirates were very troublesome about the approaches to the new English settlement on the island of Hongkong, and had captured several vessels and the native junks, which repaired to the new English port. Great alarm existed among the natives interested, at the state of things there.

The Emperor of China had decreed signal honors to the memory of a Tartar General, who killed himself when he could no longer defend a city intrusted to his charge. A splendid temple is to be erected to his memory, and a tablet, with his name inscribed on it by the Emperor's own hand, is to be hung in the great temple at Pekin. To understand the latter honor, it must be seen in the light of the Emperor's having their written prayers in the template; and this may be, on the part of the Emperor, a prayer for this General.

NAVAL BOARDS.

A Board, consisting of Surgeons Thomas G. Mercer, Henry A. Stoutenburgh, Chas. S. Tripler, and Assistant Surgeon R. S. Wright, as Surgeon-secretary and Recorder, will convene at the city of New York on the 1st of July, for the purpose of examining the Assistant Surgeons who may be ordered to appear before it, and such applicants for appointment in the Medical Staff of the army as may be invited to attend. A Board of Naval Constructors will assemble in Washington, on Thursday next, the 25th inst., for the consideration of subjects connected with the building of vessels of war. The Board will consist of Col. S. Humphreys, Chief Naval Constructor, Messrs. F. Grice, J. Lenthall, F. Rhodes, and C. D. Brodie.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

Last week, we were alittle too quick in announcing the capture of Campendy, by the Mexican forces. Here the report originated in a letter, written at Matamoras, but being sufficiently established that the "beast is upon the other leg." The Mexican force of one thousand three, which had crossed the river into Mexico, was met by the Texicans, and so severely attacked that it surrendered at discretion. A supply train was seized into, by which the invading army was agreed to retire forthwith from the territory of Yucatan, of, except those prisoners of infantry leaving behind them. On the 27th ult., Com. Moore, with the Texas vessel under his command, arrived off Campendy, and being attached by two Mexican steamers at the mouth of the harbor, beat them both off, and entered in safety.

While Commodore Moore is thus figuring away at Campendy, the President of Texas denounces his movements as not those of the Government. He said, in a message to the last session of Congress, that Texas to render aid and support to a rebellious province of Mexico, was well calculated to produce feelings of the most unfriendly nature on the part of that country towards Texas. It was setting at naught every proclamation which had been made, and protesting every hope which might have been entertained of adjusting our affairs with Mexico." Com. Moore's commission was revoked, and, consequently, the fact, now generally understood, that the American, the British, and the French Governments, have been for months past, quite amicably the differences between Mexico and Texas.

COAL TO NEWCASTLE.

Sending coal to Newcastle would not seem to be as great an event as the sending of coals to a general events. A few weeks since, it will be remembered, five hundred bales of brown cotton drifting about the Atlantic, were sold in Liverpool for the advice mention their arrival at their place of destination, where they produced almost as much stir as the arrival of a cargo of brown sugar. Mr. Tyler was struck with wonder at seeing cotton taken from the home of America, exposed for sale in the mart of the great commercial nation of the world. The Journal of Commerce noticing the fact observes:

"A comparison of the cash price of the lower grades of cotton cloth at Boston and at Manchester, England, will show that the latter is the cheapest market, cheaper on this side than on the other; so that the Boston Manufacturing Company cannot sell the cloth they have manufactured, without the loss few days, and disgusted immediately in consequence.

The Battalion of a section of the Artillery Corps of the "Cadwalader Grays," held at their armory on Saturday, the command of the corps was unanimously conferred upon R. L. Scott, Esq.

☞ We learn that there have been seven hundred and ten hogsheads of tobacco inspected in Philadelphia this season.

☞ Abraham P. Ayres is now constructing a new wharf, sixty feet long, on the Delaware, just above Dock street.

General News.

THE SAINTS FE REMEDY.—The citizens of Independence, Mo., have registered ten of the men engaged in the robbery and subsequent murder of Mrs. Cherrie, the Santa Fe trader. Those men in custody are the McDaniels, Harris, McCormick, Moore, Bowen, L. O. Berry, Towson, Mason, and Dr. De Prefontaine. The latter of early was a leading Council Grove, having in his possession *twenty-six hundred dollars*, being the sum total of the amount realized by the robbers who did not participate in the murder. He is in jail at Independence, and with others, was to leave on the first boat for this city yesterday night, but they were yet at large on Monday. The names of the men yet at large are—S. Oldham, the two Searcys, Talbot, and one of the Harrises. A special term of the U. S. Circuit Court will be held in July, to try the persons arrested.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A thief in Boston lately snacked the consolate for the nonce, wrested his booties thief, whom he charged with robbery, and pretended that he was about to search him. The thief put, but finally consented to take $100, all that the other had about him, on receipt for his property, and enriched a more artful rogue than himself. So the story is told, but the old adage of "honor among thieves," has no truth in America.

PRACTICAL WRECKING.—The Boston Daily Advertiser states that the schooner John Dunlap, Capt. Chase, from Jacmel for Boston, was boarded in Crooked Island Passage (off the Bahamas) on the 22d inst. with all the packet ships sailing from Jacmel and Port au Prince for Charleston on the 30th May. The new action of royalty is said to be a remarkably fine talent, not to fashionably formed as her model, the Princess Royal, and in features more resembling the Prince of Wales. She is to be launched on the 4th of June, and her which promises to be fatal."

Five hundred Thousand pounds had passed through the Bank of England since the commencement of the Chartist, Mr. Burnet, was lying ill, from a singular accident. He was playing with some children, exhibiting the trick of leap-frog, and pretending to pass money from his mouth to his ear, when a half sovereign accidentally slipped into his throat. An attempt to get it out with instruments failed, and it was at last thought that the thief escaped with the coin.

Among the passengers in this country were Father Barter, Esq., and family, of this city.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers is dead. J. F. W. Bynne, Esq., long and favorably known and connected with all the packet ships sailing from Liverpool, died at his residence in Buckingham Palace on the 2d inst. All the American ships were then of course at half-mast throughout the day, in token of their respect.

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COAL TRADE.—The Pottsville Inquirer gives the amount of coal shipped from that region up to the evening of the 18th instant, as follows:—by canal, 43,894 tons; by railroad, 28,433 tons; total, 84,327. We learn from the Carbon County Transit that the amount of coal shipped from that region, including the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, Beaver Meadow, Hazleton, and Sugar Loaf, up to the 13th inst., amounts in the aggregate, to 52,300 tons.

GREAT TIMES IN NAUVOO.—The Mormons recently had the most interesting religious conference at Nauvoo city since their settlement. The Times and Seasons, one of their leading papers, says the city was crowded to excess with thousands of "Saints," whose faces beamed with gladness, as they listened to the "Prophet," (as Smith) even his face appeared covered, and the grounds outside for some distance seemed the Temple.

A CLERGYMAN ENLISTING A LIAR.—In a country last week, before the Supreme Court, in Barnstable County, Mass., Capt. Wm. Howes, of Chatham, was called to the stand, when Rev. Mr. Rockwell, a Congregational Minister, of that place, stepped inside the bar to have up the dates of evaluation of Mrs. Howes. The plaintiff's counsel, in the county of Monaghan, which were suppressed with great difficulty by the military, have been followed by demonstrations in other parts, which took like anything but peace and quietness. The doctrine of the Repeal Association is understood to be the creation of the conservatory press, and the strong union of government is invoked for its suppression. The Government has shown itself determined to resist, and we must add, cruelly and criminally sanguinary in the management of Ireland. How the ministry and parliament will deal with the question of Repeal remains to be tested. In England, we notice that he is proceeding summarily with the chartists. A meeting was held at Glasgow, presided over by Feargus Edwards, and the statue on the occasion stood and heard over for trial on a charge of sedition.

A Grand Masonic Convention was advertised to be held in London on the 5th of May, to which deputies had already been appointed from all parts of the Three Kingdoms.

The City Treasurer of Dublin, Mr. Finn, had run away with upwards of £30,000 of the corporate funds. He was among the Great Western steamers.

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AMERICAN CLOTHING.—It is a fact of some interest in the history of manufacture in this country, that one house can advertise a thousand different sizes of clothing, and in large sizes with no other hands than to deal in them.

ELECTION.—On the 31st of April, Com. Moore, as board the Texas vessel Austin, reached by barge, the numerous Lords, Hodgins, Allen, and Simpson. We greatly mistaken, or this will get him into difficulty.

EMIGRANTS.—555 steerage passengers arrived at New York on Sunday, the greater part from Liverpool, the rest from Havre and Rotterdam. As many as half that number have this week arrived at this port.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.—President Tyler, it is stated by the New York Aurora, will be in Philadelphia on the 10th and 11th of June next, on Saturday and Sunday, and in New York on the 12th.

☞ The sum of two thousand dollars has been subscribed in Wilmington, N. C., towards re-building the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was destroyed by fire on the 20th ult.

☞ The National Gazette, of New York, 700 strong, and two other independent newspapers of that city, will be present at the Bunker Hill Celebration on the 17th of June.

☞ The Boston Advertiser states that during the week ending May 20th, 64 bales of domestics were exported from that port to Laguayra, and 143 bales to the East Indies.

☞ The Chicago Democrat of the 25th ult., says that 10,000 bushels of wheat, or more, have been received, and sold in that city the day previous, at 38 cents a bushel.

THEATRE THE LIARS.—It is estimated in one of the Buffalo papers, that the debt of the lakes this year will exceed eighty-five millions of dollars.

☞ Two hundred and thirty-three new buildings are now in progress at Rochester.

☞ The commerce of the New York canals is much larger this year than usual.

☞ The total population of Ireland, in the year 1841, was 8,175,124.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

FIVE DAYS LATER.

Since our last, by the arrival of the Caledonia steam-ship at Boston, we have European dates five days later than those hitherto received, being, from Liverpool, down to the 4th of May. The intelligence is by no means striking or important. In commercial matters there is little or no change, things remaining much as they were at last advices, although, if any thing, slightly improved. The fact that there are no freights for the country were offering at Liverpool, though not indicative of any material improvement in the condition of English manufacturing interests, will be received with pleasure by the merchants. The prospect of the English harvest was very good.

There is little to note in the Parliamentary proceedings. The vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton, which passed the House of Lords without a division, passed the House of Commons by a vote of 311 to 73.

The gross amount of receipts for inland postage in Great Britain, in 1842, was £1,027,224—nett revenue, after deducting expenses, £1,467,256. The foreign and colonial post office departments, on the other hand, show a deficiency of £113,039, leaving the departmental revenue at £350,000.

The Queen of England was "doing remarkably well," and, provided no accident or relapse occurred, the royal babe would be christened Buckingham Palace for Claremont on the 10th May. The new action of royalty is said to be a remarkably fine infant, not to fashionably formed as her model, the Princess Royal, and in features more resembling the Prince of Wales. She is to be launched on the 4th of June, and her which promises to be fatal."

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THE MACKENZIE CASE.—On Saturday last, an application was made to the Hon. Edward King, to procure certain witnesses in answer under *Letters Rogatory*, from the Supreme Court of New York, requesting the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia County, to cause certain witnesses to come before them, to answer certain interrogatories attached to the said Letters Rogatory. The object of this was the ascertainment from the witnesses, Captain Gwynne, and Commodore Reed, (who are two of the members of the late Court Martial) the number of votes given for and against Capt. A. S. Mackenzie, on each of the charges and specifications preferred against him. Judge King decided that witnesses could be forced to answer, but allowed them time to except to the legality of the letters rogatory.

RIOT AND INCENDIARISM.—A large number of the brickmakers of this city and county have been, during the week, on a strike against a reduction of wages. While they were peaceably promenading it was entirely their own business, but on Wednesday a large body of them took the responsibility of seeking and burning a brick factory near Cherry Hill, the property of James Harper & Sons. The military were called out to suppress the disturbance.

MUSTER UNDER THE CHEVRON.—Washington Square was crowded on Monday by troops of children, attached to several Sunday Schools in the city and suburbs, whose hilarity and innocent pecuniary quite a lively appearance to the neighborhood. It was delightful to witness their playfulness, and to see them in the merry peals of laughter which rang through the air. Their sports lasted till late in the afternoon.

VOLUNTEERS.—A woman named Thompson, was on Sunday so beaten by her paramour, who is a bar tender in a tavern corner of Fourth and Shippen, that she died. A coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts, and Alonzo awaits trial in prison. A colored man, named William Fisher, died on Saturday night on board of a sloop in the Delaware, from blows with a handspike, inflicted by one Thomas Hussey.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Dogs supposed to be mad, to exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia, have been taken up by the persons authorized, within the last few days, and disposed of immediately in consequence.

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THE SAINTS FE REMEDY.—The citizens of Independence, Mo., have registered ten of the men engaged in the robbery and subsequent murder of Mrs. Cherrie, the Santa Fe trader. Those men in custody are the McDaniels, Harris, McCormick, Moore, Bowen, L. O. Berry, Towson, Mason, and Dr. De Prefontaine. The latter of early was a leading Council Grove, having in his possession *twenty-six hundred dollars*, being the sum total of the amount realized by the robbers who did not participate in the murder. He is in jail at Independence, and with others, was to leave on the first boat for this city yesterday night, but they were yet at large on Monday. The names of the men yet at large are—S. Oldham, the two Searcys, Talbot, and one of the Harrises. A special term of the U. S. Circuit Court will be held in July, to try the persons arrested.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A thief in Boston lately snacked the consolate for the nonce, wrested his booties thief, whom he charged with robbery, and pretended that he was about to search him. The thief put, but finally consented to take $100, all that the other had about him, on receipt for his property, and enriched a more artful rogue than himself. So the story is told, but the old adage of "honor among thieves," has no truth in America.

PRACTICAL WRECKING.—The Boston Daily Advertiser states that the schooner John Dunlap, Capt. Chase, from Jacmel for Boston, was boarded in Crooked Island Passage (off the Bahamas) on the 22d inst. with all the packet ships sailing from Jacmel and Port au Prince for Charleston on the 30th May. The new action of royalty is said to be a remarkably fine talent, not to fashionably formed as her model, the Princess Royal, and in features more resembling the Prince of Wales. She is to be launched on the 4th of June, and her which promises to be fatal."

Five hundred Thousand pounds had passed through the Bank of England since the commencement of the Chartist, Mr. Burnet, was lying ill, from a singular accident. He was playing with some children, exhibiting the trick of leap-frog, and pretending to pass money from his mouth to his ear, when a half sovereign accidentally slipped into his throat. An attempt to get it out with instruments failed, and it was at last thought that the thief escaped with the coin.

Among the passengers in this country were Father Barter, Esq., and family, of this city.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers is dead. J. F. W. Bynne, Esq., long and favorably known and connected with all the packet ships sailing from Liverpool, died at his residence in Buckingham Palace on the 2d inst. All the American ships were then of course at half-mast throughout the day, in token of their respect.

The Duke of Wellington completed his 74th year on the 1st inst., and gave a Levee on the occasion.

The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British army, in the room of the late Duke of York.

COAL TRADE.—The Pottsville Inquirer gives the amount of coal shipped from that region up to the evening of the 18th instant, as follows:—by canal, 43,894 tons; by railroad, 28,433 tons; total, 84,327. We learn from the Carbon County Transit that the amount of coal shipped from that region, including the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, Beaver Meadow, Hazleton, and Sugar Loaf, up to the 13th inst., amounts in the aggregate, to 52,300 tons.

GREAT TIMES IN NAUVOO.—The Mormons recently had the most interesting religious conference at Nauvoo city since their settlement. The Times and Seasons, one of their leading papers, says the city was crowded to excess with thousands of "Saints," whose faces beamed with gladness, as they listened to the "Prophet," (as Smith) even his face appeared covered, and the grounds outside for some distance seemed the Temple.

A CLERGYMAN ENLISTING A LIAR.—In a country last week, before the Supreme Court, in Barnstable County, Mass., Capt. Wm. Howes, of Chatham, was called to the stand, when Rev. Mr. Rockwell, a Congregational Minister, of that place, stepped inside the bar to have up the dates of evaluation of Mrs. Howes. The plaintiff's counsel, in the county of Monaghan, which were suppressed with great difficulty by the military, have been followed by demonstrations in other parts, which took like anything but peace and quietness. The doctrine of the Repeal Association is understood to be the creation of the conservatory press, and the strong union of government is invoked for its suppression. The Government has shown itself determined to resist, and we must add, cruelly and criminally sanguinary in the management of Ireland. How the ministry and parliament will deal with the question of Repeal remains to be tested. In England, we notice that he is proceeding summarily with the chartists. A meeting was held at Glasgow, presided over by Feargus Edwards, and the statue on the occasion stood and heard over for trial on a charge of sedition.

A Grand Masonic Convention was advertised to be held in London on the 5th of May, to which deputies had already been appointed from all parts of the Three Kingdoms.

The City Treasurer of Dublin, Mr. Finn, had run away with upwards of £30,000 of the corporate funds. He was among the Great Western steamers.

Continued.

There is little of interest from the national interest from the continent of Europe. All remained quiet as at last advices.

The Derby Fair in the Palais Royal, for the relief of the sufferers by the disaster at Gaudeloupe closed on the 30th ult. The receipts during four days' sales amounted to 1,200 francs.

THE LIST OF THE WOUNDED.—A Company of Wyandot Indians—the last of the race of red men remaining in Ohio—left that State on their way by the new home allotted to them by the government west of the Mississippi.

☞ It is stated in a London paper, that in a case recently tried before the Court of Exchequer, it was admitted that he charged 60 per cent. in his transactions; and number would not swear that he had not received $200 per cent.

☞ The U. S. revenue bug *Jefferson* was sold in New York on Saturday, by order of the Collector, for $3500. She was formerly a pilot boat, and is armed. She is five years old, and was built in Baltimore in the best manner.

AMERICAN CLOTHING.—It is a fact of some interest in the history of manufacture in this country, that one house can advertise a thousand different sizes of clothing, and in large sizes with no other hands than to deal in them.

ELECTION.—On the 31st of April, Com. Moore, as board the Texas vessel Austin, reached by barge, the numerous Lords, Hodgins, Allen, and Simpson. We greatly mistaken, or this will get him into difficulty.

EMIGRANTS.—555 steerage passengers arrived at New York on Sunday, the greater part from Liverpool, the rest from Havre and Rotterdam. As many as half that number have this week arrived at this port.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*frank*" (of itself) is not a *frank*. Postmasters can't *frank* letters for other persons on their business.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office without the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the *owner* and *year's subscription*, and then only on the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Bank Bills and Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep correct accounts. Remittances should always give names and town post Office, to prevent mistakes. Those remitted currency, or uncurrent, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Communications, &c. should be addressed *post paid* to us, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangement:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World are Fashion:

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs. Mosher, Dix & Conkling, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

RAMSEL & STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John P. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

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Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at the store in Nashville, Tenn.

G. F. THOMAS, 147 Main Street, Cincinnati.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.—This is beyond doubt one of the best numbers that has been issued this year. The embellishments are of the highest order of various in style, and the literary matter from the best writers in America. The poem by Judge Conrad, and the concluding article of Mr. Poe's series, are the two most valuable papers. Of the engravings the "*View from West Point*" pleases us most—"*The Brothers*" is pretty good, and the picture of "*Sunday Morning*" is romantic and will suit lovers.

We copy the opinion of our friend the editor of the U. S. Gazette, which is a very high one, and not handsomely of us, so that we value his good word.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The June number of Graham's Magazine is unusually rich, even for that exceeding backwardness of the season, by which other good things are delayed. It is embellished with all of them, worthy the fame of the vehicle—but there is one which is peculiarly fine, the engraving of "Sonnets on the Lord's Prayer," dedicated to the Rev. Edward Newton, of Worcester, Mass. The execution of these sonnets, each founded on a portion of the Prayer Beautiful, is of a very high order of merit. The word, "What art in Heaven," &c. The article is worth two years' subscription to the magazine, and the value of the embellishments is comparatively to the last thing we ever saw from the author's pen and is a fool enough to be a knave.

There is a racist story by Mr. Paulding, and another of the best we ever perused story, we are inclined to believe, from Willis, with other articles worthy of note.

In the Review of Books, we discover the editor is in error, as to the merits of a very high effort of Mrs. Historical History of the United States. We will have to notice the work at length, and in the interim will content ourselves with saying that it contains no less than 3,000 pages, to extract it by inches, when a half column is all we can spare to notice it. Mr. B. was considered.

In the iron and metal business there is a great depression of business. In consequence of such article to the Iron Age, which says—a great deference

Iron and had passed through a completion. The Iron Age, from a sanguine nature, is not to change, or no change, there are at least advices, although not to be imagined. The fact is commonly given rise to a universal outcry of any immediate cause. The English manufacturers in caution by America, of the English harvest.

The Parliamentary proceedings of the Admiralty, &c. are rather unimportant.

Railroad shares are lower, 1,037,824—nett receipts, $168,268. The falling remarkable—the Reading Railroad, of $113,030, leaving of $28,000.

Adding remarkable—the Reading Railroad, of $113,030, leaving of $28,000.

Money is plenty at 6 per cent. for short loans, and pretending to pass at 5 per cent. when a half cent to his throat. An attempt to borrow, to extract it by is not

Gems from the Poets.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

An ox-team cleanly 'mid those shades
Which East emigrants toward the West renew'd
In eastern bounty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold European, and his wife
His little son, with quickened pace and rosy cheek,
Hoped if the toil

Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Black, thick, and tall as masts
Lift, how the stem stands greatest. Remember then
That night's dear tent, on a strange bosom rest'd
The many days, on onward the strong yoke
Bow'd your young shoulders. Now
Who but a creeping stream

Farther, the brook
Tow by our door came dashing, clear and cold.
My tiny hand, with my young playmates round
Was stained even as it sparkled to its rise.
That oil those bold, broad waters. To my eye
They were as strangers. And there came
My mother sorrowful, in the gushing twilight
Of our first home-night, and wept on the fragrant couch
Hung o'er its sparkling grave, whose dear sons
Were not around her, shivering out the day.

Now but, before little girl," said with light step
A boy crosser leaned toward her arm,
And smiling drew between that elder sister
His soon-repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

See, dearest, see,
The bright-winged parroquet, our lone boast
Of you gay tree-land, winging there the trees.
Why, I could touch it with a long, light cane.
Perch'd on a wooden sentinel, a rude fence
Darkling against their sleeve.

Starting he spoke,—
"Why! I did see thee break away a tree.
"I was even so. The same was with the bills
Of the eastern. They sparkling light,
Carmin, and ardor, and shooting green,
Built thee better than these rugged walls
Of unbarked logs. Ah! we have wander'd much,
Sometimes. All we so still remember
Upon some net that seemed years old now!
Would that I knew where to find my mother now,
Be tearful pants! But tenderly thy voice
Is cheering me.

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the final caress did mould
Her waking infant, restored he sent
The sunbeam to her heart. Her husband,
And strike a healthful rest, to happier
Parents, and smiles, and blessings, and the hope
Of a bright future. Thus it was that do play
Sometimes when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mast
Of his own native city,—and again,
All glittering bright, in fancy's front-rank leap
The steed he bestrid nurtured among the field.
The interim deep came flashing round his feet.
His shrill and joyous laughter—his kindling
Fire upon,—greeting hands with his were twined
Of those companions of his youth, whose forms
Were congregated home, whose mind with mine
Burn blend and brighten,—and till morning rose
Mid the loved scenery of his native hill.

From the Mouthlies.

FROM THE LADY'S WORLD FOR JUNE.

THE COUSIN'S PROTEGEE.

A Tale of Real Life.

CHAPTER I.

"Harry, Harry," exclaimed a young girl to her companion, as they were standing in the crowded one fine spring afternoon, "save, oh, save her!" pointing at the same moment to a small child just crossing the street, unconscious that a horse which had become discouraged from a wagon, was running furiously toward her. Harry sprang forward, but he was too late. The child fell, and the animal passed over her. He raised her in his arms and carried her immediately to a store near by. The usual restoratives were applied and she soon revived. On first unclosing her eyes she was terrified, and after cautiously looking around as though in search of some one, familiar face, she dropped her head on her mother's shoulder and burst into tears.

Having ascertained the street and number of her mother's residence, Harry Alwood procured a carriage, and entering it with his cousin, proceeded immediately to the house. He inquired for the lady, and was soon ushered into the presence of a woman about thirty years of age not them at the door.

"My child, my child," she answered as they laid the little girl into the house, "oh, God! is she killed?"

"No, my dear madam," said Caroline Alwood, taking her hand, "she is safe, and only frightened. She is frightened and some hurt, but not seriously, we trust."

Harry placed Lucy in her mother's arms, and she said: "I am not much hurt dear mother," she said; "I shall be well to-morrow. Don't cry so. I am sure I shall be well."

Caroline remained with the mother while Harry ran for a physician. On his arrival he pronounced the injury to be of a trifling nature; but advised rest and quiet for a few days. Harry and his cousin then took their leave, promising to call on the following day.

The next morning they made an early visit and found little Lucy sitting in a large arm chair propped with her books. She was a lovely child about three years of age. Fair and delicate in her appearance, but with an expression and affection beaming in her countenance, more than fit to love her." The widow's appearance of her features was so pure, so innocent, that as you gazed upon them you could almost fancy her a being of a purer and world than ours.

She smiled with pleasure as she saw our two young friends, and she made room for them on her chair as the kindness manifested by them toward her darling. Gradually, they drew from her a sketch of her sad history. She had married in opposition to the wishes of her friends, and a few years was her a widow with a young babe. For long and weary years she had toiled day and night to procure herself and child from want, but her health was now fast failing her, and she felt that her end would soon be since in a cold and selfish world.

"I cannot," she added in conclusion, "I cannot bear that my Lucy should be dependent on those, who have despised my kind, kind husband. Oh! I could die happy, if I could spared until she is able, by her own efforts, to procure a comfortable subsistence."

After a few kind words, Harry and his cousin left the house. They visited some distance at least. At length Harry said,

"Cousin, why do you not adopt that little girl? I have often heard you say you would like a protegee. Where can you find a more lovely child? And you will willingly defray all the expenses if you will take that and mother and her child will be your most protection."

"You have anticipated me, Harry," replied Caroline, "my mind has been constantly busied since last evening with whatever is needful and I have almost resolved on the course you have proposed, and now that I have your approval I shall hesitate no longer. You know I am entirely dependent on my own ideas of benevolence, so that it is truly comforting to have my whims countenanced even by my young and giddy cousin."

Caroline Alwood was a beautiful girl of twenty-two years of age. Accomplished and agreeable, and the mistress of an independent fortune. But for the early death of her parents, she was surrounded the fairest and adoptest; yet she had remained single in her character and feelings, she stood unrivalled among her sex. Early disappointment, bitterness and the false among her suitors, she had the word of pity and regret for the one, and gallant words of scorn and contempt for the other. Her heart was free and joyous to the birds in spring. By the world she was considered cold, and the world dared not breathe of taught but purity connected with her name. Enthusiastic in all the interests of her life, she was pleased to find in cousin Harry (though two years her junior) a warm supporter and advocate.

It was soon decided that Lucy was to be adopted and educated by the former, and the proposal was received with deep gratitude by the mother, whose heart was now more than ever about her child, since she endeared herself to her young friends by her gentle and winning ways and her affectionate disposition, and most dearly did they love the little girl.

No sooner passed on, and Harry Alwood announced to Caroline on a tour of three years, and a few weeks after the departure the mother of Lucy was carried to her long-lasting home, wept over by her daughter and that daughter's kind friend.

CHAPTER II.

"But, dear Harry, when shall we make our visit to the country? You know that you have long promised that we should go as soon as the warm weather commenced."

The speaker was a fair young girl, and very lovely; yet sadness, the sadness of a breaking heart, rested on every feature. It was but a few months since she examined her countenance was marked with the same feeling. Her eyes were fixed on Harry, as to the person she addressed, love, deep, fervent, unchangeable, was expressed in that single appeal.

"As soon, dear Lucy, as I can make arrangements to leave town conveniently," Harry Alwood replied, "but where do you most wish to go, Lucy?"

"To M——, my birth-place, and the burial place of my parents. It seems to me that I could there more tranquil than in any other. I have a sad, sad feeling of my mother's grave. I should be better—happier Oh, mother! mother!" she exclaimed, as the impression of anguish passed over her countenance, "why, why was your dying advice so fatal to your child? Oh! Harry, well do I remember my feelings while receiving that advice. I was told that I was charged me with her dying breath to place implicit confidence in my self-good friends, and to have no secrets from them, for they would advise me for my good; and to love them dearly, for on only could I repay the great debt of gratitude I owed them. And I thought of all this when I had risen her last to the cold grave, and in the simplicity of childhood I related that you were with me, that I might tell you all the end, and how much, how very much I loved you. Oh, mother! mother! would that your child had died with you. Oh! Harry, it breaks my heart to think of these things."

She had buried her face in her hands while speaking. As she raised her head she saw an expression of deep interest on Harry's countenance. He looked at the letter torn to her eyes, but with a strong effort she drove them back, and taking his hand, pressed it to her pale face, and said in silence. An Alwood gazed upon her, his heart overflowed with love and pity.

He thought of her years and fervent love for him, and of his own coldness, and he felt that he was not worthy to be loved himself to be. As he looked on the wan countenance of his cousin, and saw that she was no longer happy Lucy, his heart smote him, and he would have given worlds to restore to her the joyous appearance of mind which had so endeared. He felt that it was worse than mockery to offer her a country excursion, but he resolved that by exerting her gently toward him, by encouraging her confidence and affection, he might heal that bleeding heart, and with assurance of affection he thought he would then be happy. Before he left her she was pacified to his influence. That dark and bitter thought was banished from her mind, and "hope told a flattering tale," she sobbed—

"Oh! Harry, promise never to forsake me, or I cannot live. There is a feeling of coming evil which I cannot subdue. It haunts me momentarily; but so that you do love me, I will bear it."

"Hush, dearest, hush!" he said, "you have nothing to fear. Lucy, I will trust you."

"Most dearly do I love you, Lucy," he replied "and, rest assured, I never will forsake you."

She smiled through her tears, and uttered the trying words of an unprincipled man. But Harry was yet to learn that the passion of love, the gift of him she loved, that would bestow her very soul. Second and deepest love, that would not be returned, was a curse indeed.

Soon after sunset, Harry prepared for a walk, and advised Lucy to retire early to bed, as they would start on the evening with him. Folding her in his arms, he pressed her fondly to his heart, and left her. Lucy retired to her chamber with a lighter heart than she had known for many months.

She had distressed her kind, trust-hearted Harry! She had concealed from him the agony of a deeply-fasting herself by a small table, she turned over the leaves of a book before her, but the tears stopped to fall on the open page, and she could not read. Her mind on its contents. But she could not read; she could not control her mind; and she threw herself upon the bed, hoping to find forgetfulness in sleep. The night was far advanced before she closed her eyes in sweet unconscious repose. Rising and hastily robing herself in a morning dress, she descended to the parlor, and was delighted to see occupied by Alwood and Caroline. Harry was pacing the room, looking pleased with feelings of envy to the gay voices which fell upon her ear, but the cool air was grateful to her, and she seated herself upon a sofa, and pressing herself upon a couch she yielded to its influence, and soon sank into a quiet slumber. At last sunset, Harry awoke her she slept sweetly. A loud voice pronouncing the name of Caroline Alwood, startled the sleeping girl, her, and she listened eagerly for the words of the speaker.

"So, Sal, you are determined to propose: what reasons of them as will dissuade you from your very disinterested offer?"

"I say doing you please, Fred," said Harry Alwood, in reply. "I know cousin Caroll, and I have no doubt of your acceptance in her affection for our uncle's late acceptance."

"I wonder, Hal," said Fred, with a quiet sneer, "if she likewise is as well acquainted with her honorable cousin's character as your humble servant. I am not aware that your uncle's will has yet been liquidated from the handsome fortune she will bring you, and I believe I have a right to know what part you have."

"Hush, Fred, for heaven's sake, hush, unless you would drive me mad. Fool, I love Caroline Alwood for herself alone, and would spurn my own existence from the consciousness of the duplicity I am practising. I do not think she has any suspicions of my false offers and crown, and I am certain that did she know of your plans, she would spurn me from her as a thing too vile for earth." And for a moment he sighed. "But I am ruined and a desperate man, and my only chance of retrieving myself is by a union with my cousin. To-morrow I shall propose. Come to me in the morning, and you know the result."

"But what will become of Lucy, Hal?"

"Also! I know not. The poor child loves me with all the affection of a woman, and I fear it will break her little heart. She has long wished to visit her mother's grave, and I will take her. I commend to her my instructions by writing. It will spare me a pang."

Lucy listened for no more. Pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, she hastily bound her dress and retired to her chamber, she proceeded slowly to her room. Quickly closing the door, she seated herself at a table, and resting her head upon her hand, she tried to recall what she had heard. Neither sigh nor tear escaped her. She was stunned by the shock, while she thought of the past. Seven years had flown since she had left her home, her mother, her mother, and turned for consolation to the cousin; Caroline's kindness and affection for her, and of the deep gratitude she had felt for the kind and generous young benefactress. She thought of the time of Harry's return from college, and recalled to her the joy that she had lavished on him. How when surrounded by relatives of her own age, he had sought her as a wife to smile from him she loved. She remembered his ardent professions of undying love for her, the influence he had exerted to prevail on her to forsake her bright and happy home, to become an outcast for his sake. She remembered how she had forsaken